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H Y M N S



S O C I A L W O R S H I P

S E L E C T E D

F R O M W A T T S , D O D D R I D G E , N E W T O N , C O W P E R ,
S T E E L E , A N D O T H E R S .

“Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”—Col. 3 : 16.

P U B L I S H E D B Y
T H E A M E R I C A N T R A C T S O C I E T Y ,
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D. Fanshaw, Printer.

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The following selection was occasioned by a demand for a Manual of Hymns adapted for use in neighborhood and other Social Meetings, embracing individuals under the various operations of the Holy Spirit ; and by christians of different denominations whose efforts are in many cases happily united for the salvation of men. In its preparation the love of novelty and of change has been suppressed, while the most devout and spiritual effusions of Watts, Newton, Cowper, Doddridge, Steele, and others, adapted equally to the learned and the unlearned, have been sought ; and notwithstanding the variety of readings which have been extensively spread before the public, it is hoped that most christians will find the following hymns in the same form in which they have committed many of them to memory, and been accustomed to employ them in their songs of praise.

No pains has been spared in the simplicity of the arrangement and indexes, as well as the character of the type, to render the book convenient and acceptable to all ; and it goes forth with the prayer from many hearts, that God will make it the means of spiritual refreshment to his people, and of awakening in thousands, now far from him, songs of Redeeming mercy that shall never end.

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HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

THE SCRIPTURES.

1. *Excellency of the Bible.* C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find:
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. Steele.

2. *Value of the Bible. 7's.*

- 1 Holy Bible, Book divine ;
Precious treasure ! thou art mine :
Mine to tell me whence I came ;
Mine to teach me what I am :
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove ;
Mine to show a Saviour's love :
Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit :
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless :
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death !
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel-sinner's doom :—
O thou precious Book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine.

3. *The Bible precious.* 8, 7.

- 1 Precious Bible ! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword :
Let the world account me poor ;
Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food, to which the world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy's :
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed ! Newton.

4. *The Bible precious.* C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Rippon's Col.

5. *The Glory of the Word.* C. M.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. Cowper.

6. *The power of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
The Gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage. Watts.

7. Power of the Gospel. L. M.

- 1 What shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh;
'Tis there the power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord. Watts' Ser.

8. *Nature and Scripture compared.* L. M.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun. Watts.

9. *Delight in the Scriptures.* C. M.

- 1 O how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy Gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage—
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song!
- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast!
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much delights my taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Watts.

10. *Delight in the Scriptures.* P. M.

- 1 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,

And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain. Watts.

G O D.

11. *Praise to God.* L. M.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure. Watts.

12. *Praise to the Creator.* L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men,
 And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love:
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

13. *Universal praise to God.* L. M.

- 1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

- 2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains :
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Let the Creator's name be known :
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 4 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on every tongue ;
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 5 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord !
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord. Watts.

14. *God's Eternal Dominion.* C. M.

- 1 Great God ! how infinite art thou ;
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made :
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs. Watts.

15. *Greatness of God.* L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise. Watts.

16. *Omniscience of God.* L. M.

- 1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Watts.

17. God every where. C. M.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 6 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 7 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 8 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 9 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

Watts.

18. *Wisdom of God.* L. M.

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd.
'That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. *Beddome.*

19. *Providence of God.* C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

20. *God in Judgment.* C. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore ;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And send his wrath abroad !

3 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defied the Lord !
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

4 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

Watts.

21. *The Divine Perfections.* H. M.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs :
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—

And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend !
I love his name, I love his word ;
Join all my pow'rs, and praise the Lord.

Watts.

22. *God's Glory in Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 Father, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms :
Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms :
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known ;
 Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice, or the grace.
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains :
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 5 Oh, may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue. Watts' Lyr.

23. *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, supremely good,
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Great God, to thine Almighty love
 What honors shall we raise!
 Not all th' angelic songs above
 Can render equal praise.

Steele.

24. *Goodness of God.* L. M.

- 1 Ye sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord;
 And let his power and goodness sound
 Through all your tribes, the earth around.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There, in the land of praise, adore :
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day. Doddridge

25. *Goodness of God.* L. M.

- 1 Bless, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives. Watts.

26. *God all and in all.* S. M.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 Not all the harps above
 Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

Watts.

27. *Praise for Divine goodness.* P. M.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints ; he knows them well ;
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage :
Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Watts.

28. *Praise from all lands.* L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Watts.

CHRIST.

29. *Star of the East.* 11, 10.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Bishop Heber.

30. *Nativity of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 Mortals awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new ;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat :
" Glory to God on high !
" Good will and peace are now complete ;
" Jesus was born to die."

Medley.

31. *Birth of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 While shepherd's watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" To you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you in David's town, this day,
" Is born of David's line,
" The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
" And this shall be the sign:

- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
"Begin, and never cease."

Tate.

32. *Birth of the Saviour. 7's.*

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

- 4 "Glory to the new-born King"—
Let us all the anthem sing—
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconciled."

Rippon's Col.

33. *Christ's Coming.* C. M.

- 1 Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes—the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield!
- 4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes—the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. Doddridge.

34. *Gethsemane.* 8, 6.

- 1 Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane :
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane :
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
" My Father can this cup remove !"
- 3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane,—
" Behold me here, thy only Son,
" And, Father, let thy will be done."
- 4 The Father heard, and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

- 5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

35. *Behold the Man.* L. M.

- 1 Ye that pass by, behold the man !
The man of grief, condemn'd for you !
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 Behold ! his temples crown'd with thorn
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love !
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died :
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified !

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

Whitfield's Col.

36. *Christ Crucified.* L. M.

- 1 When on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see—he bows his head and dies!
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

Newton.

37. *Christ Crucified.* L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. *Watts.*

38. *Sufferings and Death.* L. M.

- 1 Stretch'd on the cross, the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise :
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love, or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love. Steele.

39. *Wonders of the Cross.* L. M.

1 Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

4 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

- 5 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne. Watts

40. "*It is finished.*" L. M.

- 1 'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried ;
And meekly bow'd his head, and died !
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Steunet.

41. "*It is finished.*" 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Hark ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
"It is finish'd !"
Hear the Saviour dying cry.
- 2 "It is finish'd !" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd !"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;
Death and hell no more shall awe :
"It is finish'd !"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.

Hallelujah !

Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! . Burder's Col.

42. *Jesus on Golgotha. 7's.*

- 1 Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep, and love my life away !
While I see Him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me !
- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt :
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load !
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God !
- 3 Hark ! his dying word, " Forgive,
" Father, let the sinner live :
" Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
" I thy ransom freely pay."
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding Cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee !

6 He has dearly bought my soul ;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole !
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

Newton.

43. *Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.* L. M.

- 1 He dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him, Welcome to the skies !
- 5 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death, in chains.

- 6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, boasting grave?"
Watt's Lyr.

44. *The Lord is risen. 7's*

- 1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
Cudworth.

45. *Christ's Resurrection.* H. M.

- 1 Yes, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head :
In wild dismay, The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come, And wing their way,
From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear ;
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say, " Jesus, who bled,
" Hath left the dead ; He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported cry, " Jesus, who bled,
" Hath left the dead, No more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !

Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.
Doddridge.

46. *Resurrection and Ascension. 7's.*

- 1 Angels roll the rock away !
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; Gabriel, raise
Thine eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
See the Conqu'ror mount the skies ;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing the incarnate God.
- 4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide :
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

- 6 Let Immanuel be ador'd ;
Ransom, Mediator, Lord :
To creation's utmost bound
Let the immortal praise resound. Gibbons.

47. *Christ's Exaltation.* L. M.

- 1 What equal honors shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, that groan'd and died ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charged with madness here,
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss :
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen. Watts

48. *Christ's Intercession.* L. M.

- 1 He lives ! the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the bless'd assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd, with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail. Steele.

49. *Christ's Mediation.* S. M.

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose ;
And bid him raise our ruin'd race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Watts.

50. *Christ the Redeemer.* L. M.

- 1 Behold ! the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name ;

- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises ! and appears a God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine. Watts.

51. *Praise to the Redeemer.* 8, 7.

- 1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus !
Thou didst free salvation bring ;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid :
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

- 4 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory !
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.
- 6 Glory, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give. Rippon's Col.

52. Redeeming Love. 7's.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove.
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin !
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string :
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love. Madan's Col.

53. *Coronation of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call :
The God incarnate ! Man Divine !
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all. Duncan.

54. *Christ's dying love.* C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Cavalry—
Nor let his saints forget.

Watts.

55. *Christ our sacrifice.* S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Watts.

56. *Christ our Justification.* C. M.

- 1 Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

Watts.

57. *Christ the Way.* L. M.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

Cennick.

58. *Christ, "The Way, Truth, and Life."* C. M.

- 1 Thou art the *Way*, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the *Truth*—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the *Life*—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Bp. Doane.

59. *Christ our Hiding-place.* L. M.

- 1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high ;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapp'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 4 But thus the eternal counsel ran :
" Almighty love ! arrest the man ;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

- 5 Vindictive Justice stood in view ,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
" This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard !
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place. Brewer.

60. *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

- 1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark, hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark ;
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

61. *Physician of Souls.* L. M.

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo. Steele.

62. *Christ a Refuge from the Storm.* 7's.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Cowper.

63. *Christ our Shepherd.* S. M.

- 1 The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear!
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there. Watts.

64. *Christ the best Friend.* 8, 7.

- 1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd, in him, to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same:
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above. Newton.

65. *Bartimeus.* 8, 7.

- 1 "Mercy, O thou Son of David!"
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
 "Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 "Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but he could give:

- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
"What a Saviour I have found!
- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
"And would be advis'd by me!
"Surely they would hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see." *Newton.*

66. *Christ our Confidence.* 6, 4.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide :
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul !

Ray Palmer.

67. *Characters of Christ.* H. M.

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :

All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :

His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.

Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.

Thine is the pow'r ; behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,

I shall be safe—for Christ displays
Superior pow'r, and guardian grace. Watts.

68. *Free Grace.* 12's.

1 The voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain ;
For all that believe,
Christ has open'd a fountain ;
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon ;
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.*

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To the Saviour repair :
Now he calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear ?
Though your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—
It streams from the fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King,
Reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
He is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it,
O trust in his passion;
He saves us most freely—
Oh, precious salvation!
- 4 With joy shall we stand,
When escaped to the shore;
With harp in our hand
We'll praise him the more ;
We'll range the sweet plains
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.

69. *The Blood of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain, fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Cowper.

70. *Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay ;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day !

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and oh amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious, human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak. Watts.

71. *The Lamb of God.* C. M.

- 1 Sinners, "behold the Lamb of God,"
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.
- 2 From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode:
To ransom us, himself he gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

- 3 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear ;
"Behold the Lamb of God !"
- 4 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise, return from grievous falls ;
"Behold the Lamb of God !" /
- 5 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
"Behold the Lamb of God !" Hoskins.

72. *Looking to the Cross.* C. M.

- 1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain—
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive :
" This blood is for thy ransom paid,
" I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

Newton.

73. *Repentance.* C. M.

1 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore ;
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore !

2 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

3 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head ;
Break, break, my heart ; Oh, burst, mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

- 4 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo.

Watts.

74. *Sorrow for Sufferings of Christ.* C.M.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious Sufferer stood!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man, the rebel's, sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

Watts.

75. *Wonderful Love of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Come, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend,
And stoop t'embrace me from the skies!
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

- 6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart:
"By these dear wounds," says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this stubborn heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death, or love.

Watts.

76. *Love to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death. Doddridge.

77. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. Gregg.

78. *Loving Kindness.* L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, Oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, Oh, how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, Oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, Oh, how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death. Medley.

79. *Glory of Christ.* S. M.

- 1 My Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glories known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way. Watts.

80. *Lamb of God worshipped.* C. M.

- 1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Watts.

81. *Christ's Passion and Exaltation.* S.M.

- 1 Come, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

- 4 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore. Watts.

HOLY SPIRIT.

82. *Breathing after the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. *Watts.*

83. *Prayer for the Spirit.* S. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. *Hart.*

84. *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. B—.

85. *Prayer for the Spirit.* 7's.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine,
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine. Stocker.

86. *Prayer for the Spirit's Influences.*
L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;
- 3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

- 4 E'en now my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

Wesley.

87. *The Little Cloud.* 7's.

- 1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 2 Lo, the promise of a shower—
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.
- 3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
- 4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

Wesley.

88. *Vision of Dry Bones.* L. M.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

- 2 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 But by thy Spirit's quickening breath,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Doddridge.

§9. *Operations of the Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace,
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Watts.

90. *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath. **Watts.**

91. *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine. Steele.

WARNING.

92. *The New Birth.* C. P. M.

- 1 Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Expos'd to endless wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or else to ruin go.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near:

I strove indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again!"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This dreadful truth renew'd my pain,
"The sinner must be born again!"
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load:
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings Redeeming love.

Ockum.

93. *Ye must be born again.* C. M.

- 1 Sinners, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ the Saviour hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature totally deprav'd,
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

Hoskins.

94. *The Judgment hastening.* C. M.

- 1 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners, come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.
- 2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw:
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?
- 4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye!
- 5 The dead, awake, must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a listening ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair. Cowper.

95. *Repent.* C. M.

- 1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 O humbly in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess:
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

Doddridge.

96. *Warning.* L. M.

1 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die,
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold!

Watts' changed.

97. *Warning to prepare for Death.* C. M.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent! thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day the Gospel calls—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

Hart.

98. *To-Day.* 7's.

- 1 Haste, O sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.
- 3 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Death may e'en thy soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

99. *The accepted Time.* C. M.

- 1 *To-morrow*, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursu'd—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd—

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night. Doddridge.

100. *Delay Not.* 11's.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not—why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of Grace, [flight;
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—[fade;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee
its aid!

S. Songs.

101. *Prisoners of Hope.* L. M.

- 1 Prisoners of sin, and Satan too,
The Saviour calls—he calls for you:
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty hath bought.
- 2 He came to set the captives free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.
- 3 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.
- 4 The great Redeemer lived and died;
The Prince of Life was crucified;
He shed his own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God. Hoskins.

102. *Believe, and be saved.* L. M.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place. Watts.

103. *My Spirit shall not always strive.*
L. M.

- 1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee. *Hyde.*

104. *The Saviour knocking.* C. M.

- 1 Amazing sight, the Saviour stands
 And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
 To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
 "To bring you to my rest:
"Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
 "And be for ever blest.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
 "And choose the way to hell?
"Or in the glorious realms above
 "With me for ever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
 "Have I in Judgment come;
"But to display unbounded grace,
 "And bring lost sinners home.

- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,
 "And bear eternal pain?
 "Or in the glorious realms of light
 "With me for ever reign?
- 6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
 "And have your sins forgiven?
 "Or will you make that wretched choice,
 "And bar yourselves from heaven?"

105. *Grieve not the Spirit.* S. M.

- 1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
 The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
 And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
 The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
 With all thy sins opprest?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
 Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace, so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

Hyde.

106. *Sinners entreated.* C. M.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!
- 5 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
He pardons like a God :
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood. Fawcett.

107. "*Weighed in the balance.*" L. M.

- 1 Raise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
Behold the Judgment drawing nigh :
Behold, the balance is display'd,
And thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale God's holy law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
Canst thou the awful test sustain ?
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
And writes in dreadful characters,
"*Tekel !*" thy soul is wanting found ;
With trembling hear the awful sound.
- 4 Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace ;
Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face ;
Conviction through thy conscience roll,
And deep repentance fill thy soul.
- 5 One only hope can yet prevail :
Jesus for thee can turn the scale ;
Can give thy guilty conscience peace ;
And save thee by his righteousness. Doddridge.

108. *Sinner, Prepare to meet God. 7's.*

- 1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
 In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd—
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who his advent may abide?
 You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
 Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Newton.

109. *The Alarm.* 7 6.

- 1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go ;
Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
On the verge of ruin stop—
 Now the friendly warning take :
Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame ?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come
 And drag you to his bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair !
Sinners then in vain will call—
 Those who now despise his grace—
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 " And hide us from his face." Newton.

110. *The Judgment.* S. M.

- 1 And will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around :
- 3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
" To everlasting flame,
" For rebel angels first prepar'd,
" Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonish'd shrink away !
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead ;
Hark ! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Doddridge.

111. *The Dreadful End.* L. M.

- 1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!
- 2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks, I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.
- 4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God. **Watts.**

112. *The Broad Road.* L. M.

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Watts.

113. *Hope in the Gospel.* S. M.

1 God's holy law transgress'd,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burden'd with guilt—with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done;
Nor vows nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

Pratt's Col.

114. *Harvest Past.* S. M.

1 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan, with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

- 2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell—
And in that hopeless world of wo
He bade my spirit dwell.
- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

Dwight.

INVITATION.

115. Invitation. 7, 6.

- 1 Sinner, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears ;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds !
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds !
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow !
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo. Newton.

116. *Christ's Invitation.* L. M.

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners, come :
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me :
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 "My yoke, and bear it with delight;
 "My yoke is easy to his neck,
 "My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will. Watts.

117. *Sinners Invited to Christ.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,

"*It is finished :*"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

- 4 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Hart.

118. *The Saviour calls.* C. M.

- 1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles, reviving, round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Steele.

119. *The Sinner Called.* S. M.

- 1 Return and come to God ;
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.
- 2 Say not ye cannot come—
For Jesus bled, and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not ye will not come—
'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful shall their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis called to-day ;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey.

Bp. Doane.

120. "*Behold, I stand at the Door.*" L. M.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands !
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes ;

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need :
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return :
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

121. *Sinners Entreated to Hear.* 8, 7. 4.

- 1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence, O how tender !
Every line is full of love :
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, " Pardon,
" Free forgiveness in his name :"
How important !
Free forgiveness in his name !

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears :
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford :
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed ?
Who received the joyful word ?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord ?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord ?
- 6 O, ye angels hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Allen.

122. *Return.* L. M.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return
And wipe away the falling tear
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Collyer.

123. *Why will you die? 7's.*

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you, why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
- 2 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you, why ?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ?

Wesley.

124. *The accepted Time.* S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love ;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

Dobell.

125. *Burdened Sinners invited.* 7's.

- 1 Come, ye weary souls oppress,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood :
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find ;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss. *Decourcy.*

126. *Riches of Grace.* L. M.

- 1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest :
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

Steele.

127. *Hearts of Stone.* 7's.

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Covered with a gore of blood :
Sinful soul, what hast thou done !
Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Still to death pursue your Lord ?
Open tear his wounds again,
'Trample on his precious blood ?
"No! with all my sins I'll part,
"Saviour, take my broken heart."

Har. Sac.

128. *Come and See.* L. M.

- 1 Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound !
Replete with balm for every wound !
His word declares his grace is free :
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die:
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree;
Come, careless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee:
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His blood at once availed for me:
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

129. "*Yet there is Room.*" C. M.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room:
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
'The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home. Steele.

130. "*Yet there is Room.*" H. M.

- 1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The Gospel's voice attend,
Its message is to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay;
No vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

Boden.

131. *The Voice of Mercy.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Hear, O sinner ! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls :
Trust in Jesus—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away !
Haste to Jesus—
You must perish, if you stay. **Reed.**

132. *Universal Invitation.* C. M.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice !
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. Watts.

133. *Free Salvation.* L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give,
Leave all ye have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice. Wesley.

134. *Come and welcome.* 7's.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,

What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravish'd ear:
 "Love's redeeming work is done,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 "Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 "On my pierced body laid,
 "Justice owns the ransom paid;
 "Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Soon the days of life shall end,
 "Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
 "Safe your spirits to convey
 "To the realms of endless day;
 "Up to my eternal home,
 "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Hawes.

135. *The Disconsolate invited.* 11, 10.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

136. *Peace and Rest.* L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 Peace, troubled soul—thy plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold a precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

THE PENITENT.

137. *The Heart of Stone.* L. M.

- 1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And melt, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
 The sea can roar ; the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling, all things show some sign
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear—
 Amazing thought !—which devils fear :
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed ;
 And much to feel that pow'r I need :
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

Hart.

138. "*What shall I do ?*" S. M.

- 1 My former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel, alas, that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins :
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly,
 Or seek for mercy's door ?
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And justice arm'd with pow'r.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom,
While yet some friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come!"

4 O that I now might see
Some glimm'ring from afar,
Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
— And save me from despair. Cowper.

139. *The Convicted Sinner.* L. M.

- 1 Alas! I've sinned; and clearly see
That I deserve eternal wo:
Where can a wretched sinner flee?
What can a helpless sinner do?
- 2 "Believe that Jesus Christ has died:
"That he for sinners gave his blood:
"For such as you was crucified:
"And thus appeas'd the wrath of God."
- 3 Then there is hope—yes, hope for me;
A guilty wretch by sin undone:
Oh God! I pardon ask of Thee!
I plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 He hears my prayer; regards my plea:
He grants the pardon that I crave!
O wondrous grace! He smiles on me;
For Jesus died my soul to save. o.

140. *Deep Contrition.* 7's.

- 1 Jesus, save my dying soul ;
Make the broken spirit whole ;
Humbled in the dust I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face ;
Grant the joy of sin forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known ;
Thou art righteous, thou alone :
All my help is from thy cross ;
All besides I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive ?
Helpless at thy feet I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die. S. Songs.

141. *Grieving the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 And does the Spirit kindly move
To wake my drowsy heart ;
And shall I slight and grieve his love,
And bid him hence depart ?
- 2 Shall I the tempter's voice believe,
And still refuse to pray ;
And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,
And bid him go his way ?

- 3 This solemn warning, once receiv'd,
I dare no longer slight;
The Holy Spirit often griev'd,
May take his final flight.

142. *Hoping, yet trembling.* C. M.

- 1 My soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.
- 2 I hope to hear and join the song
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But Oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then for ever close—
Probation at an end!
No Gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

J. Steward.

143. *Indwelling Sin.* S. M.

- 1 Astonish'd and distress'd,
 I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
 The seat of ev'ry sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
 These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my pow'rs renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise. Toplady.

144. *Sin Lamented.* S. M.

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.

- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Jesus! the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away. Wesley's Col.

145. *Indwelling Sin Lamented.* C.M.

- 1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

- 4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. Stennet.

146. *Repentance.* L. M.

- 1 Oh that my load of sin were gone!
Oh that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find—
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

147. *Repentance.* C. M.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Steele.

148. *Repentance at the Cross.* C. M.

1 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

2 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine,
That crucified my God;
Those sins, that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh,
Fast to the fatal wood.

- 3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 4 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too. Watts.

149. *The Heart healed by Mercy.* 7, 6.

- 1 Sin enslaved me many years,
And led me, bound and blind :
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
"Where," I said in deep distress,
"Will these sinful pleasures end ?
"How shall I secure my peace,
"And make the Lord my friend ?"
- 2 Friends and ministers said much
The Gospel to enforce ;
But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course :
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove ;
Scarce would show my face abroad ;
Fear'd almost to speak or move—
A stranger still to God.

- 3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel ;
Till, despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell.
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway,
By a simple word he spoke—
"Thy sins are done away." Cowper.

150. *Prayer of a Penitent.* S. M.

- 1 Lord, help me to repent—
With sin for ever part ;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble contrite heart :
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd
For having griev'd thy love ;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till cleansed from above.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire ;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire :
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down ;
Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

151. *Prayer of a Penitent.* C. M.

- 1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, "Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat !
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

Steele.

152. *Godly Sorrow.* C. M.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies ;
 And upward to thy mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt. Stennett.

153. *Godly Sorrow.* 7's.

- 1 Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh, hear my ardent cry;
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
 Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
 'Trampled on thy richest grace!
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
 Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
 Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.

154. *Pleading for Mercy.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 Without thy grace we sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our gloomy fears dispel.
- 3 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore;
Oh, may thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 4 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

Brown.

155. *Mercy Implored.* L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we 're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone :
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Watts.

156. *Imploring Mercy.* L. M.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. Watts.

157. *Pardoning Grace.* C. M.

- 1 Out of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

- 3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

Watts.

158. *The Penitent Restored.* L. M.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry !
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart,
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

Watts.

159. *The Prodigal Returned.* C. M.

- 1 The prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise ;
His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
"The famine in this land,
"While servants of my Father share
"The bounty of his hand.
- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return
"And seek my Father's face ;
"Unworthy to be call'd a son,
"I'll ask a servant's place."

- 4 Far off he saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The Father ran with arms of love
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around—
The angels tune their harps anew;
The prodigal is found!

160. *Middle Age.* C. M.

- 1 And have I measur'd half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past;
The noon is almost o'er;
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.
- 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
In mercy help my unbelief,
• And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live. C. Wesley.

161. *The Beggar.* H. M.

- 1 Encourag'd by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 3 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their want and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.
- 4 Thy thoughts, thou only Wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

Newton.

SURRENDER TO GOD.

162. *Resolving to go to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
"But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die."

Jones.

163. *Surrender to Grace.* C. P. M.

- 1 Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield ;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee :
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I tried ;
Thy patience scorn'd, thy power defied,
And trampled on thy laws :
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake
Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more :
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed ?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?
I wonder and adore.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own ;
For thou hast set me free :
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand
To be employed by thee.

Newton.

164. *Clinging to the Cross.* L. M.

- 1 Here, at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus ! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to his name.

Watts.

165. *Christ my All.* C. M.

- 1 The Saviour ! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

Steele.

166. *Surrender to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 And will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms ?
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
 In all her winning forms ?
- 2 Surprising grace—and shall my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain ?
 Has this hard rock no tender part ?
 Must mercy plead in vain ?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
 His charming voice unheard ?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,
 Remain for ever barred ?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas ! with tyrant power,
 The lodging has possessed ;
 And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly Guest.

- 5 Ye dangerous inmates ! hence depart ;
Dear Saviour ! enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin. Steele.

167. *Joined to God's People. 7's.*

- 1 People of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign. Montgomery.

168. *Not go away from Christ. C. M.*

- 1 When any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 5 What anguish has this question stirr'd,
"If I will also go ?"
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—No !

Newton.

169. *None but Christ.* C. M.

- 1 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee—
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me ?
- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn ;
Oh, they could pluck thy crown again
And sharpen every thorn.

- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above;
 And can we ever part ?
- 4 Ah, no ! with thee I'll walk below,
 My journey to the grave :
 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save ?

170. *Christ has Died. 7's.*

- 1 Jesus Christ has lived and died,
 What is all the world beside ?
 This to know is all we need,
 This to know is life indeed.
- 2 Other wisdom seek I none,
 Teach me this, and this alone ;
 Christ for me has lived and died,
 Christ for me was crucified.
- 3 Can my soul on shadows vain
 Ever spend a thought again ?
 No—before this light they flee,
 Jesus Christ has died for me.

171. *The Surrender.* 8, 7, 4.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine ;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

172. *The Happy Choice.* L. M.

- 1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done :—the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me—and I follow'd on—
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast ?

- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

173. *The Determined Choice.* L. M

- 1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Steele.

174. *Law fulfilled by Christ.* C. M.

- 1 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice. Cowper.

175. *Trust in God.* C. M.

1 How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep its stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief :
"I would believe thy promise, Lord '
"Oh ! help my unbelief.

4 "To the dear fountain of thy blood,
"Incarnate God, I fly ;
"Here let me wash my spotted sou.
"From crimes of deepest dye.

- 5 "A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
"On thy kind arms I fall ;
"Be thou my strength and righteousness,
"My Jesus, and my all." Watts.

176. *The Storm Hushed.* C. M

- 1 'Tis past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my Sun, appears.
- 2 Oh, wondrous change ! but just before
Despair beset me round ;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.
- 3 Before corruption, guilt and fear,
My comforts, blasted, fell ;
And unbelief discover'd near,
The dreadful depths of hell.
- 4 But Jesus pitied my distress ;
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 5 Dear Lord, since thou hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee. Newton.

177. *Self-Dedication to God.* C. M.

- 1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love. Watts.

178. *The Effort.* C. M.

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd ;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
'That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
May plead thy gracious name !
- 6 "Poor, tried, and tempted soul, be still,
"My promis'd grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will—
I can—I do believe.

Newton.

CHRISTIAN—in Darkness.

179. Self-Examination. 7's.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought :
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove ;
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do :
 You, who love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me—is it so with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall—
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd ;
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Newton.

180. *Self-Examination.* L. M.

- 1 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take ;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?
- 2 What image does my spirit bear !
Is Jesus form'd and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 3 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.
- 4 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 5 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear !

Davies.

181. *Conflict.* C. M.

- 1 Anxious I strove to find the way
Which to salvation led ;
I listen'd long, I tried to pray,
And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my laboring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay ;
Through what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain ;
For I had liv'd at ease :
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish : the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

- 7 "Alas !" I cried, in deep despair,
Borne down with fearful pain,
"How can I these fierce terrors bear,
"And who will now sustain?"
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid ;
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me." *Newton.*

182. "*Lovest thou Me ?*" 7's.

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
"And when bleeding heal'd thy wound ;
"Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
"Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a mother's tender care
"Cease toward the child she bare ?
"Yes, she may forgetful be,
"Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
"Higher than the heights above ;
"Deeper than the depths beneath ;
"Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
"When the work of faith is done:
"Partner of my throne shalt be—
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more! Newton.

183. *Inconstancy Lamented.* L. M.

- 1 Dear Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When shall this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love? Dorrington.

184. *Faith Fainting.* 8's.

- 1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;

Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load :
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

- 2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite :
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

- 3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r ;
Come, succor and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

Toplady.

185. *Prayer in Darkness.* 7's.

- 1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move ;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee. Newton.

186. *Backslidings and Returns.* C. M.

1 Why is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.

- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go? Watts.

187. *Hatred of Sin.* L. M.

- 1 Holy Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet, pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and arch-angels dwell,
One sin, unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

- 4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But O! no foe invades the bliss
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus, as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead. Cowper.

188. *Approaching the Judgment.* S. M.

- 1 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.
- 2 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
- 3 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—
- 4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe!
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. Wesley's Col.

189. *Christ's Presence our Life.* L. M.

- 1 How full of anguish is the thought,—
How it distracts and tears my heart,—
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul—*depart!*
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly—but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learnt no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!
- 6 The strings that twine around my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.

Watts.

190. *Light in Darkness.* C. M.

- 1 When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state :
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess :
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd thy power divine :
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come :
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope :
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

Watts.

CHRISTIAN—Confidence in God.

191. *Safety in God.* S. M.

- 1 When, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide,
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Watts.

192. *Prayer and Hope.* C. M.

- 1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die ;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief—
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope. Watts.

193. *Confidence in God.* L. M.

- 1 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil ;
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil :
- 2 Although the stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race ;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

- 3 Though comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear;
Though joys be sought, and sought in vain,
And though despair itself be near:
- 4 Although assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me. Wesley.

194. *God the Christian's Happiness.* C.M.

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee, in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more. Watts.

195. *Strength equal to the day.* 7's.

- 1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promis'd needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see:
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Gems.

196. *Adoption.* S. M.

- 1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our soul from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie,
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 My faith shall *Abba, Father*, cry,
 And thou the kindred own. *Watts.*

197. Seeking God. S. M.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live;
 Not the rich dainties of a feast
 Such food or pleasure give.

- 4 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Watts.

198. *Midnight Thoughts recollected.*
C. M.

- 1 'Twas in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power ;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high ;
“My God, my life, my hope,” I said,
“Bring thy salvation nigh.”
- 3 My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road ;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

Watts.

199. *Rest in God.* S. M.

- 1 Oh, cease ! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God !
Behold the open door ;
Oh ! haste to gain that dear abode,
And roam, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 4 Then cease ! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Epis. Col.

200. *Wrestling for a Blessing.* 7's.

- 1 Nay, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold ;
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 3 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer :
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many years have pass'd since then ;
Many changes have I seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 5 Thou hast help'd in every need—
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 6 No ! I must maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake. Newton.

201. *Trust in Christ.* C. M.

- 1 O God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone :
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice. Watts.

202. *Think upon me.* Neh. 5 : 19. C. M.

- 1 O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee :
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
In love, remember me.
- 3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

- 4 The hour is near—consign'd to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry—remember me. Hawies.

203. *Christ our Strength.* L. M.

- 1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is. Watts.

204. *A Refuge from the Storm.* C. M.

- 1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust. Steele.

205. *Christ precious.* C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Newton.

206. *Lovest thou Me ?* C. M.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?

- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known ?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of thy name ?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame ?
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
 But, O ! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

Doddridge.

207. *Love to Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Of all the joys we mortals know,
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
 Love, the best blessing here below,
 The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thine embrace
 There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
 Each smile that's seen upon thy face
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 When of thine absence we complain,
 And long, and weep, and humbly pray ;
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;
 Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, descend and come ;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ,
'Tis heaven to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

Watts.

208. *Example of Christ and Saints.* C.M.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Watts.

209. *Christ our Example.* L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Watts.

210. *Christ's Example.* L. M.

- 1 And is the Gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. Steele.

211. *Living to Christ.* L. M

- 1 I live to die, I die to live,
And live, no more to die again ;
In death I shall a life receive,
In worlds remote from death and pain.
- 2 This life I owe to Him who died,
And rose, and reigns in yonder skies ;
I triumph through the Crucified,
And, dead with Christ, with Christ shall rise.

- 3 His wondrous death my life ensures,
His wondrous rising death destroys ;
While Jesus lives my life endures,
That life the measure of my joys.
- 4 Then let me live, and let me die,
To Him who lived and died for me ;
That I may rise with Him on high,
To life and immortality.

212. *Salvation by Grace.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, we confess our numerous faults ;
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

- 5 'Tis through the purchase of His death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew :
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Watts.

213. *The Penitent Thief.* 7's.

- 1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death :
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

- 5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me
"When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same. *Newton.*

214. *Salvation by Grace.* C. M.

- 1 Amazing grace!—how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home. *Newton.*

215. *Salvation by Grace.* S. M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Doddridge.

216. *Grateful Recollection.* 8, 7.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 4 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above. Robinson.

217. *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come ;"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 "Of Moses and the Lamb." Hammond.

CHRISTIAN—Graces and Duties.

218. *The World Banished.* C. M.

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me ;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford ;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all conceal'd ;
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me !
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For, if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still. Newton.

219. *The World Renounced.* C. M.

- 1 How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Watts.

220. *Watchfulness against Temptation.*
C. M.

- 1 Strait is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward. Watts

221. *Self-Distrust.* S. M.

- 1 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny the Lord,"
But "grant I never may."
- 2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 4 In Jesus is our store ;
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none. Cowper

222. *Unfaithfulness Lamented.* L. M.

- 1 Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 4 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 5 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 6 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I should not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

Newton.

223. *Prayer for Quickening Grace.*
C. M.

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!
- 6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

Watts.

224. *The One Thing needful.* C. M.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

Fawcett.

225. *Repentance for Sin.* L. M.

- 1 Hence from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see ;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence to eternal distance flee.

- 2 Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heartstrings twin'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.
- 3 Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears;
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.
- 4 How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

Watts.

226. *Confession of Sin.* S. M.

- 1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help, in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone. Watts.

227. *Preciousness of Faith.* S. M.

- 1 Faith—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd ;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
 And all-atoning Priest ;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress ;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free ;
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
 To work this faith in me. Beddome.

228. *Walking by Faith.* L. M.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night :
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fired his zeal along the road. *Watts.*

229. *A living and a dead Faith.* C. M.

- 1 Mistaken souls ! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

Watts.

230. *Sincerity.* C. M.

- 1 God is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord ! search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Watts.

231. *Sincerity and Humility.* L. M.

- 1 Behold, how sinners disagree,—
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows :
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son. Watts.

232. *Humility and Submission.* C. M.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see :
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward ;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord. Watts.

233. *Love.* C. M.

- 1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

Watts.

234. *Christian Love.* S. M.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let discord—child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love. Beddome.

235. *Christian Joy.* 5, 6, 9.

- 1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above ;
O ! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of the soul that has tasted his love.
- 2 Yes, all the day long
Is the Saviour my song,
And redemption through faith in his name ;
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

236. *Heavenly Joy on earth.* S. M.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

- 7 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 9 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high. *Watts.*

237. *Communion with God.* L. M.

- 1 O that I could for ever dwell
 With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
 And view the form I love so well,
 And all his tender words repeat !
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
 And heav'n brought in with all its bliss ;
 O, is there aught from pole to pole,
 One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
 A life of penitential love,
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise the highest thoughts above.

- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame ;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame :
- 5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake ;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake. Reed.

238. *Breathing after Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 Return, O God of Love, return,
Earth is a tiresome place ;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease ;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord ;
And the poor service we have done,
Meet a divine reward. Watts.

239. *No abiding City here.* L. M.

- 1 "We've no abiding city here"—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here"—
Sad truth were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there—
It shines with everlasting light. Kelly.

240. *Parting with earthly Joys.* L. M.

- 1 I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul. *Watts.*

241. *The Christian Pilgrim.* L. M.

- 1 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 2 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her fairest hopes and projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know
While in the wilderness below?

- 4 'Tis even so—thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all. Fawcett.

242. *The Christian Pilgrim.* 7's.

- 1 Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear ;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh ;
Watch—till heavenly light appear ;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim ! what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall for ever fly ;
Shame shall never enter there ;
Tears be wip'd from every eye ;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

243. *The Pilgrim's Song.* 7, 6.

- 1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that 's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

Whitefield.

244. *The Pilgrim's Guide.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim, through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee. Robinson.

245. *Returning to Zion. 7's.*

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seats are now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, GO ON.

5 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

246. *Hoping for a Revival.* L. M.

1 While I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
"Rely upon my love and power,
"Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
"And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
"I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer ;
"The winter season has been sharp,
"But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive ;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing :
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

247. *Not ashamed of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Watts.

248. *Responsibility.* S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Wesley.

249. *The Christian Race.* C. M.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey !
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Doddridge.

250. *The Christian Race.* L. M.

- 1 Awake, our souls ! (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Watts.

251. *The Christian Warfare.* L. M.

- 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes :
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph—when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 4 Then shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise. Watts.

252. *Hinder me not.* C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue ;
"Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes ;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 "Hinder me not," come, welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee. Dr. Ryland.

253. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*
 C. M.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so !
 Awake, my sluggish soul !
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
 Labor, and tug, and strive ;
 Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move,—
 We, for whose guard the angel bands
 Come flying from above ;—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labor'd for our good :—
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts !
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.

- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize. Watts.

CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

254. *Christ our Example.* C. M.

- 1 Behold where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He labor'd for their good.

- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share. Pratt's Col.

255. *Christ our Example.* L. M.

- 1 When from the glorious realms of day,
On wings of love, the Saviour flew,
He walk'd through mercy's heavenly way,
And bade the world his steps pursue.
- 2 The blind, the lame, his power confess'd;
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains;
He gave the wearied spirit rest,
And loosed the prisoner from his chains.
- 3 And shall not they whose lips resound
The matchless deeds the Saviour wrought,
Like him in charity abound,
And practise what his goodness taught?
- 4 Ye who his grace so freely share,
Your willing aid as freely give;
Your lively faith and love declare,
And in his sacred precepts live.

- 5 Honor your Saviour, speak his praise ;
By acts of love his grace proclaim ;
Sweet anthems to his glory raise,
And in hosannas sound his name.

256. *Jesus hasting to Suffer.* C. M.

- 1 The Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest !
- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross ;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood ;
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can ;
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God !
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.
- Cowper.

257. *Christ Weeping.* S. M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept—that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear :
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

Beddome.

258. *Bearing the Cross.* C. M.

- 1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss ;
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
 "The face of feeble clay ?
 "Behold thy Saviour ever near,
 "Will guard thee in the way."
- 5 Oh how my soul would rise and run
 At this reviving word ;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
 To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
 And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
 And be thy servant still.

Kirkham.

259. *Holy Fortitude.* C. M.

- 1 Am I soldier of the cross ?
 A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease ?
While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

- 4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 With faith's discerning eye. Watts.

260. *Watch and Pray.* S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down :
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou hast got thy crown. Heath.

261. *Self-Denial.* C. M.

- 1 And must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee ?
 I own thy claim, thyself hast done
 Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

Rippon.

262. *Christian Warfare.* S. M.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;

- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high
And take the conquerors home.

C. Wesley.

263. *Christian Warfare.* S. M.

- 1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey ;
Arise ! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

Voke.

264. *Witnesses of the Christian Race.*
C. M.

- 1 Behold what witnesses unseen
 Encompass us around ;
Men once like us by suff'ring tried,
 But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
 Pursue the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
 Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
 Who trod affliction's path !
Jesus, at once the finisher
 And author of our faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before him set,
 So generous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame—
 And now he reigns above.
- 5 If he the scorn of wicked men
 With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died,
 To murmur or complain ?
- 6 Now let our hearts no more despond,
 Our hands be weak no more ;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
 His wisdom still adore.

Reed.

265. *Pecuniary Collection.* L. M.

- 1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!
- 4 The man who marks from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God. Gibbons.

266. *Collection.* L. M.

- 1 Happy the man, whose gen'rous heart
Glows with the living flame of love,
Who freely with his wealth can part,
To honor Him who reigns above!
- 2 Ten thousand blessings on his head
From heaven shall fall as gentle dew,
And living water, living bread,
Sustain him all life's journey through.

- 3 "Give," saith the Lord, "I will repay :
"The silver and the gold are mine ;
"Such measure as ye mete to-day,
"I'll measure out to thee and thine !"

J. B. H.

267. *Charity.* C. M.

- 1 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive—
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Barbault.

268. *Remember the Poor.* L. M.

- 1 Ho, ye that pant for transient joys,
How long refuse ye to be wise?
Come, throw away earth's gilded toys,
And seek the pleasures of the skies.
- 2 Come, give your all to Christ to-day;
Trust in his grace,—his footsteps tread;
His sov'reign voice in faith obey,
And "on the waters" "cast your bread."
- 3 Oh! who so sweetly sleeps or wakes,
Of all the sons of men below,
As he that cures the heart that aches,
And breaks the chains of human wo?
- 4 Religion, undefil'd and pure,
Relieves the widow and distress'd,
And spurning every sensual lure,
Makes its possessor ever blest. J. B. H.

269. *The Merciful Man.* L. M.

- 1 Blest is the man whose heart can move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drouth, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Watts.

270. *Christ in his Members.* C. M.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties, how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard,

- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love
I in thy poor would see ;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee. Doddridge.

271. *Beholding Transgressors.* L. M.

- 1 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abused, the soul undone.
- 2 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Kindled by sin, the source of wo.
- 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.
- Doddridge.

272. "Come." Rev. 22 : 17. S. M.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come !"

- 2 Let him that heareth, say,
• To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so, I wait thy hour;
• Jesus, my Saviour, come! Epis. Col.

273. *Ministering to the Saints.* L. M.

- 1 Preserve me, Lord, in time of need;
For succor to thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name:
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
 To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.
Watts.

274. "*Ye are the Light of the World.*"
8, 6.

- 1 "Light of the world," in mercy given,
 To guide benighted souls to heaven,
 Say, shall it be concealed?
While groping millions, stumbling, fall,
Let Zion's light, designed for all,
 Shine forth, to all revealed.
- 2 Streams from the upper fountain flow,
 To irrigate the plains below,
 Turn not those streams away.
Salvation! let the current roll
T' enrich the with'ring, barren soul
 With fruits that ne'er decay.
- 3 The healing pool of Gospel grace
 Cures all diseases of our race,
 And all may wash who choose;
Then let the CURED perpetual cry,
"O come! its sovereign virtues try—
 "Come ALL—let none refuse."
S Woodbridge.

275. *Laboring for the Souls of Men.*
L. M.

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Where'er the human race is found ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Sweetly the gospel-trumpet sound.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up each broken heart,
And " wipe the tear from sorrow's eyes."
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
And harmless as the peaceful dove ;
Thus shall your heaven-taught conduct show
You are commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
So shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, through your labors, sinners live !

276. *Spiritual Harvest.* 8, 7.

- 1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine ;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence divine.

- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou mayst reap the fruits of joy.
Lo ! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again ! the fields are whit'ning ;
Sure the harvest-time is near.

Ch. Psalmist.

277. *Winning Souls to Christ. 7's.*

- 1 Would you win a soul to God,
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side ;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd :
- 3 How he yielded up his breath,
How he agoniz'd in death,
How he lives to intercede,
Christ our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him, it was sovereign grace
Led THEE first to seek his face ;
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

- 5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free ;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n,
Earnest of the joys of heav'n. Hammond.

278. *Prudence and Zeal.* C. M.

- 1 Thus I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbor wrong."
2 If I am e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.
4 Yet if some proper hour appear
I'll not be over-aw'd ;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak of God. Watts.

279. *Active Benevolence.* C. M.

- 1 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see ?
Alas ! the goodness worms can yield,
Extendeth not to thee.

- 2 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.
- 3 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad ;
The hung'ring soul we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.
- 4 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
May our example shine,
Till others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine. Boden.

280. *Tract Visitation.* 7's.

- 1 Where the lost and wretched are,
Where they stray from duty far,
Where they tread the brink of wo,
'There our willing footsteps go.
- 2 There we pray, and plead, and weep,
While alas ! the guilty sleep—
When awakened spirits move,
Then we speak of Jesus' love.
- 3 Lord, our help on thee is laid !
All our hope is from thy aid ;
Crown our works with grace divine,
All the glory will be thine.

281. "*Compel them to come in.*" 8, 6.

- 1 Go into every street and lane,
 Betimes the work begin;
Gently, by love, each soul constrain,
 "Compel them to come in:"
The house of prayer 's the gate of heaven,
To all the invitation 's given.
- 2 Let all the wretched hear thy voice,
 Each wayward wanderer seek;
Tell of a heaven of boundless joys,
 Of peace and pardon speak;
And all God's counsel to declare,
Tell of a world of dark despair!
- 3 To all be courteous, meek, and mild,
 Affectionate, sincere;
And if at any time revil'd,
 Yield not to wrath or fear;
But joyfully endure the shame,
And bear reproach, for Jesus' name.

282. "*Come to the Help of the Lord.*"
L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 Christian! to active duty wake,
 Be strong in God's eternal might;
The weapons of the Spirit take
 To vanquish and to put to flight
Those legions of contending foes,
That thy Great Captain's march oppose.

- 2 Ingloriously no longer stand
Inquiring, "How shall Jacob rise?"
For Israel's God is near at hand,
With all the chariots of the skies!
Proclaiming thus, "Thou worm" of flesh,
By me, "the mountains thou shalt thresh!"
- 3 'Tis "not by might or power," indeed,
Of mortal tongues or mortal hands,
That Zion is redeem'd and freed
From vassalage in stranger lands;
Yet now, as erst, her sons must go,
And still "by faith" their trumpets blow!

283. *Prayer for a Blessing.* 8, 7. 4.

- 1 Lord of glory, who didst honor
David's humble sling and stone,
Ancient Israel to deliver,
Now as weak an effort own;
Bless the labor
Which our feeble hands have done.
- 2 'Tis the Gospel seed we're sowing
On the good and fallow ground;
Bearing, weeping, without knowing
Which shall fail and which abound:
Holy Spirit!
Let it verdant spring around.

- 3 And when the great harvest's ended,
When the Master counts our sheaves,
O! let those by us attended,
Be as numerous as the leaves,
Which we scatter,
And a dying world receives.

Lady of Phila.

284. *The Tract Visiter.* 8, 6.

- 1 Go forth on wings of fervent pray'r ;
Go with the message from above ;
Go in the Master's name you love,
Silent but eloquent to move—
Till e'en the *deaf* shall hear.
- 2 To ev'ry dwelling speed your way,
Scatter the shades of error's night,
Kindle the rays of Gospel light,
Pour them around in splendor bright—
Till e'en the *blind* shall see.
- 3 Bid ev'ry slumbering soul awake ;
Tell of the darkness, fire and chains ;
Tell of the heav'n where Jesus reigns ;
Tell of his love in melting strains—
Till e'en the *dumb* shall speak.
- 4 O Jesus, give thy word success ;
Lo! at thy footstool now we bend ;
Only on thee our hopes depend ;
Thou art alone the sinner's Friend—
Thy word is life and peace.

S. Songs,

285. *The Tract Visiter.* C. M.

- 1 Go, spread the page of truth divine
 Before the sinner's eyes ;
Go, tender him the word of life,
 Descending from the skies.
- 2 Portray the joys that thrill through heav'n
 When sinners turn to God ;
When rebels seek eternal life,
 Through Christ's atoning blood.
- 3 To "seek and save that which was lost,"
 Evinc'd a Saviour's love ;
Go, share his labors here below,
 Go, share his bliss above. P.

286. *The Tract Visiter.* S. M.

- 1 Go forth on wings of pray'r,
 Ye messengers of love ;
 Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—
 Salvation from above.
- 2 Go, tell the careless soul
 The warning God has given ;
Go, make the wounded spirit whole
 With healing balm from heaven.
- 3 Go to the wretched poor,
 The ignorant and rude ;
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
 Bought with a Saviour's blood.

- 4 Saviour of dying men,
Thy presence we implore ;
Without thy blessing all is vain ;
Be with us evermore.

287. *The Faithful Tract Visiter.* L. M.

- 1 Inspired with charity divine,
He lets "his light" in labors shine ;
Goes forth to tell of Jesus' love,
And point to brighter worlds above !
- 2 Sweet messages of grace he bears,
And waters with his tears and prayers ;
Never a Tract by him is given,
But fervent prayer ascends to heaven.
- 3 The lonely garret he explores,
And oft supplies the widow's stores ;
Dries up the suff'ring mourner's tears,
And dissipates the orphan's fears.
- 4 Strives by each heavenly art to win
Immortal souls from death and sin ;
Yet trusts in Sov'reign grace alone
To move and melt the heart of stone.
- 5 Thrice happy man, who labors thus
To free the world from every curse ;
"He treads the path the Saviour trod,
"The path to glory and to God !" J. B. H.

288. *Tract Visiter's Encouragement.* C.M.

- 1 All hail, ye servants of the Lord,
On Mercy's mission bound,
Who, like the sower of the word,
Strew precious gifts around.
- 2 What though the seed 'mid thorns be sown,
Where tares and brambles thrive,
Still One is able—One alone,
To save its germ alive.
- 3 Ye fear what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil ;
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.
- 4 The seed that by the wayside fell,
Perchance you counted dead ;
Yet birds that sing in heaven may tell,
They on its sweetness fed.
- 5 And some an hundred fold shall bear
Unto the harvest's Lord ;
How blessed, then, will be your care ;
How glorious your reward ! Mrs. Sigourney.

289. *Returning from Labor.* 7's.

- 1 Visit kindly, O our God !
Every place our feet have trod,
Bless the truth our lips convey'd,
Make thine enemies afraid :

- 2 Wake their slumbers, deep and long :
Break their fetters, old and strong ;
Give the blind a heavenly light ;
Guide the doubting soul aright.
- 3 Pardon those who truth despise ;
Grant repentance, make them wise ;
Stubborn though their spirit be,
Get thyself the victory !

290. *Sowing the Seed.* S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn the seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found :
Go forth then everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

- 5 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain:
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garnerers in the sky.
- 7 Then when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

291. *Religious Tracts.* C. M.

- 1 Go, messenger of love, and bear
 Upon thy gentle wing,
The songs that seraphs love to hear,
 And angels joy to sing.
- 2 Go to the heart with sin oppress'd,
 And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,
 The drooping spirit cheer.
- 3 Go say to Zion, "Jesus reigns;"
 By his resistless pow'r
He binds his enemies with chains;
 They fall to rise no more.

- 4 Tell of the Spirit's energies,
As he from heaven descends,
Arrests his proudest enemies,
And changes them to friends. Brown.

292. *Foreign Distribution.* S. M.

- 1 Spread, spread these healing leaves
To every Pagan land ;
Till every hill and vale receives
The blessing from our hand.
- 2 Each billow-heaving sea,
Each passing breeze and gale,
Shall bear them on till all the earth
Their healing influence feel.
- 3 Speed them by fervent prayer,
Our God will surely bless,
And give the kingdoms of the world
To Christ, the Prince of Peace.
- 4 Bear, bear these healing leaves
To every heathen home ;
Then soon shall men and angels shout,
" Earth's jubilee has come !" G. H.

293. *Blessedness of doing Good.* 7's.

- 1 Christians ! if you would enjoy
Close communion with your God,

All your powers for Him employ ;
Tread the path your Saviour trod :
While you trust in Jesus' blood,
Taste the sweets of doing good !

- 2 Christians, if you would be free
From the world's corroding care,
In the haunts of misery,
Learn how great your comforts are ;
While you trust in Jesus' blood,
Taste the sweets of doing good.

- 3 Christians ! would you grow in grace,
And like Jesus more become ;
Till in heaven you see his face,
Free from sin, and safe at home :
While you trust in Jesus' blood,
Taste the sweets of doing good ! o.

294. *The Lost Found.* C. M.

- 1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire :
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. Needham.

295. "*I am with you.*" C. M.

- 1 The Lord on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne,
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low in the social band he bows
His still attentive ear,
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear. Watts.

296. *The active, watchful Christian.* S. M.

- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 "Watch," 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near ;
Mark the first signal from his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

Doddridge.

297. *Self-Consecration.* C. M.

- 1 Yes, I will be for ever thine,
Bought at the price of blood ;
My feeble pow'rs shall all combine
To serve the living God.
- 2 I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy-seat ;
Poor as the offering may be,
I lay it at thy feet.

298. *A Blessing Invoked.* L. M.

- 1 Indulgent God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour !
Smile on our souls ; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we *have* and *are* combine
To forward objects so divine.

299. *Daily Self-examination.* 8, 6.

- 1 At evening to my soul I say,
Come give account for all the day,
Its moments, and its hours!
What rightly thought, or said, or done,
What grace attain'd, or knowledge won,
For whom employ'd thy powers?
- 2 What dying sinner hast thou warn'd,
And meekly pray'd, though he hath scorn'd,
That Christ would him forgive?
In all, hast thou with single eye
Sought Christ alone to glorify,
For him alone to live?

J. B. H.

300. *The Christian's Voyage.* C. M.

- 1 Believers now are toss'd about
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.
- 2 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before the Saviour's throne:
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his mercy known.

- 3 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.
- 4 Lord! though we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is pass'd,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last. Newton.

301. "*Ye shall have Tribulation.*" S. M.

- 1 Through tribulations deep
The path to glory lies;
And saints, in faith, must pray and weep,
Ere they shall reach the skies.
- 2 Then in temptation's flood,
Though trembling, we'll rejoice;
Still trusting in atoning blood,
And cheer'd by Jesus' voice!
- 3 The world's annoying cares,
Her guileful pleasures too,
And all the tempter's triple snares,
Our Lord will bring us through!
- 4 Then with "the footmen" run,
Or "horsemen" still contend;
Nor think the mighty vict'ry won,
Till life itself shall end!

- 5 For 'tis through Jordan's swell
Our battle must be driv'n,
Before we conquer earth and hell,
And vict'ry shout in heav'n! J. B. H.

302. *Religion vain without Love.* L. M.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil. Watts.

303. *Christ all our Hope.* 7's.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
'Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Toplady.*

PRAYER.

304. *Preparation of the Heart. 7's.*

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
'Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt !
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival, reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death. Newton.

305. *Pray without Ceasing.* L. M.

- 1 Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

- 2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress ;
 If cares distract or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy 's before thee—pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
 Though thought be broken, language lame ;
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name. Hart.

306. *What is Prayer ?* C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
 He enters heaven with prayer.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way ;
The path of prayer, thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

Montgomery.

307. *Power of Prayer. 7's.*

- 1 In themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms
Press them close on every hand ?
- 2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God who answers prayer
Helps them when they seek his face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succor they at length obtain:
He who taught their hearts to pray
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do;
Bring relief in deepest straits:
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates. Newton.

308. *Exhortation to Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
'That moment Amalek prevail'd.

- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."
Cowper.

309. *Prayer answered by Crosses.* L. M.

- 1 I ask'd the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

- 5 Yea, more ; with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 " Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cried,
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith :
- 7 " These inward trials I employ
" From self and pride to set thee free,
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

Newton.

310. *Prayer of the Penitent.* L. M.

- 1 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor !
- 2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer :
O thou, prayer-hearing, answering God,
Take from my heart this painful load.

Newton.

311. *The Narrow Gate.* 7's.

- 1 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate;
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
"Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
"We have ate with thee, and heard
"Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

Epls. Col.

312. *The Request.* C. M.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.

- 3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end." Steele.

313. *Prayer for Mercy.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, I approach thy throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my soul's deep wound.
2 O Lord, I need not to repeat
What I would humbly crave,
For thou dost know before I ask,
The thing that I would have.
3 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum:
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

314. *Importunate Prayer.* S. M.

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
 " Why should we longer wait ?"
He bids us never give him rest,
 But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in pray'r :
He sees, he hears, and from on high
 Will make our cause his care. Newton.

315. *The Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 Father of all, we bow to thee,
 Who dwell'st in heav'n, ador'd,
But present still through all thy works,
 The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallowed be thy name
 By all below the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
 Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil ;
 Let all thy glory see ;
And, as in heaven thy will is done,
 On earth so let it be.

- 4 Our wants with every morning grow,
With food these wants supply;
And on our souls the BREAD bestow
To eat—and never die !
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg of heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
-

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

316. *Private Devotion.* L. M.

- 1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more,
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.
Doddridge.

317. *Communion with God.* C. M.

1 Oh that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

Watts' Ser.

318. *Retirement and Meditation.* L. M.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity begone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n—and there my God I find.

Watts.

319. *Early Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.
- 2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord—
His footsteps I will trace ;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.

- 3 Early I'll rise and sing and pray,
While I the light enjoy :
May this bless'd work, from day to day,
My heart and tongue employ.

320. *Evening Twilight.* C. M.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. B—.

321. *Watchfulness and Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 Alas ! what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah ! how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee :
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

Steele.

322. *Walking with God.* C. M.

- 1 Oh for a closer walk with God;
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper.

323. *Devotion.* C. M.

- 1 While thee I seek, Protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd. 1
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing, to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee. Williams.

324. *O that I were as in months past.*
C. M.

- 1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 My prayers are now an empty noise ;
For Jesus hides his face :
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

Newton.

325. *Self-Dedication to God ; or first
Approach to his Table.* L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Emmanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all ;
Lord, let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity.

Davies.

326. *Lying at the Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

1 Oh, mighty God ! breathe in my soul,
And life, and peace, and joy impart ;
The rising floods of grief control,
And cheer my weak desponding heart.

2 My fainting spirit seeks relief
Before thy mercy-seat, my God !
Oh, Saviour, listen to my grief,
For thou hast bought me with thy blood.

327. *All Good in Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend !
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives :
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near, in vain they call :
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name, my inmost powers adore ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more !
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair !
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Steele.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

328. *Presence of Christ sought.* L. M.

- 1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ the Son.

Watts.

329. *Blessing humbly requested.* 7's.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart. Hammond.

330. *A Morning Hymn.* L. M.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.
Watts.

331. *A Morning Song.* C. M.

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night. Watts.

332. *A Morning Hymn.* L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Kenn.

333. *A Morning Hymn.* 7's.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and cleanse my sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound—
Save me from my foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
Oh ! receive me then at last !
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

Hart. Col.

334. *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King! Kenn.

335. *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

1 Great God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.
Steele.

336. *An Evening Song.* C. M.

- 1 Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast. Watts.

337. *An Evening Song.* L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Watts.

338. *An Evening Song.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God ! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Watts.

339. *On Going to Rest.* S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

340. *Song for Morning or Evening.*
L. M.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Watts.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

341. *For the Spirit's Influence.* C. M.

- 1 In thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet ;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice :
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek ;
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known ;
The icy heart, blest Saviour, melt,
And break the heart of stone.

- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee. Hoskins.

342. *Social Worship.* L. M.

- 1 "Where two or three, with sweet accord,
"Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
"Meet to recount his acts of grace,
"And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid this little company ;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
"And shed my glories round the place."
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Stennett.

343. *Social Worship.* C. M.

- 1 O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For he we trust thou art !
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.
2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. Newton.

344. *Pleasures of Social Worship.* L. M.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O, Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place! Kelly.

345. *Pleasures of Social Worship.* S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God. Stennett.

346. *Christian Fellowship.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Sweet and solemn be the season
When the friends of Jesus meet;
Let the worldling boast his reason,
While he fills the scorner's seat:
Heav'nly wisdom
Leads us to the Saviour's feet.

- 2 Far be idle jesting from us ;
Sacred themes to us belong ;
Ours the cross, and ours the promise :
Subjects these for endless song—
Subjects worthy
To employ the christian's tongue.
- 3 Time is precious—we'll improve it ;
Worldlings talk of worldly things ;
Leave the world to those who love it,
'Tis not thence our comfort springs.
Jesus owns us—
Jesus is the King of kings. Kelly.

347. *A Blessing Implored.* L. M.

- 1 Now may the Gospel's conqu'ring pow'r
Be felt by all assembled here !
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard ;
Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r,
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 O pity those who lie in sin—
Preserve them from the sinner's doom :
Open the ark and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

- 4 So shall thy people joyful be,
The angels too will louder sing ;
And both ascribe the praise to thee—
To thee, the everlasting King. Kelly.

348. *A Blessing Implored.* L. M.

- 1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford ;
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy ;
And may we, in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear. Fawcett.

349. *Worship.* C. M.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand:
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 4 Come and with humble souls adorè,
Come kneel before his face;
O, may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.
- 5 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest!" Watts.

350. *Worship.* S. M.

- 1 Come sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race :

5 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
" You that despise my promis'd rest
" Shall have no portion there." Wat(1s.

351. *Delight in Worship.* L. M.

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make thee blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Watts.

352. *God our Preserver.* H. M.

- 1 Upward I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun, And thou my shade,
To guard my head By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death ?

And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call me home.
Watts.

353. *God our Portion.* C. M.

- 1 God, my Supporter and my Hope,
 My Help for ever near;
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
 Through this dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The strength of ev'ry saint. Watts.

354. *Reliance on God.* C. M.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress on him I call'd,
He to my succor came.
- 4 Oh! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care. Tate.

355. *Safety in God.* L. M.,

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

Watts.

356. *God's Blessing in Zion.* L. M.

- 1 God, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

- 4 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there!

Watts.

357. *Zion Restored.* C. M.

- 1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record :
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord. Watts.

358. *Rejoicing in God.* C. M.

- 1 O Lord ! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name !
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee :
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 He that has made my heav'n secure,
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 5 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

Dr. Ryland.

359. *Waiting on the Lord.* C. M.

- 1 Whence do our mournful thoughts arise ?
And where's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea :
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal powers shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Watts.

360. *Grace and Glory in Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

Watts.

361. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,

That bids our sorrows cease ;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;

'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,

He sets the pris'ner free ;

His blood can make the foulest clean—

His blood avail'd for me.

Wesley.

362. *Praise to the Saviour.* H. M.

1 Come, every pious heart

That loves the Saviour's name,

Your noblest power exert

To celebrate his fame :

Tell all above, And all below,

The debt of love To him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,

And laid his robes aside ;

On wings of love came down,

And wept, and bled, and died :

What he endur'd, Oh, who can tell ?

To save our souls From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,

The mansion of the dead ;

And thence his mighty foes

In glorious triumph led :

Up through the sky The conqueror rode,

And reigns on high, The Saviour God.

- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love ;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve ;
 Our hearts—our all To thee we give :
 The gift, though small, Do thou receive.

Stennett.

363. *Praise for the Incarnation. 7's.*

- 1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Immanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high ;"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil ;
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak ;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

Newton.

364. *Sitting at the Cross.* 8, 7.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood ,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Robinson.

365. *Glorying in the Cross.* C. M.

- 1 Christ and his cross is all our theme ;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls, enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain. Watts.

366. *Christ at his Supper.* C. M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors—
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast ;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest ?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room—
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come ?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else *we* had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace. *Watts.*

367. *Christ and his Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done ;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain, I count my loss ,
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;
 But faith can answer thy demands
 By pleading what my Lord has done. *Watts.*

368. *Christ the Redeemer and Judge.* L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And bring us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move :
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Watts.

369. *The Promised Spirit.* H. M.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :

We plead the promise of thy word ;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

- 2 If earthly parents hear
 'Their children when they cry ;
If they with love sincere,
 Their varied wants supply :
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father, thou ;
 We, children of thy grace :
O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place :
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 O, may that sacred fire,
 Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
 With fervent zeal and love ;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
 And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

Pratt's Col.

370. *Prayer for the Spirit* C. M.

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
That sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room. *Newton.*

371. *Prayer for a Revival.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Saviour, visit thy plantation :
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs ,
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh. Newton.

372. *Prayer for Opposers.* L. M.

- 1 Blest Lord, behold the guilty scorn
Of those who hate and mock our praise ;
Pity their state, and make them turn,
No more to walk in sinful ways.
- 2 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
A soul all enmity to thee,
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.
- 3 Lead them to view a holy law,
Which justly dooms to endless death,
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
And pray'd "Forgive," with dying breath.
- 4 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
To hear condemning justice sound ;
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears
Will witness grief to all around.
- 5 Once we were blind, like them we strove,
Till sov'reign mercy chang'd our ways ;
Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,
Then they will join our songs of praise.

Strong.

373. *The Soul.* C. M.

- 1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round ?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds in strife ;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son ;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all—in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain. Montgomery.

374. *Joy over the Convert.* L. M.

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love :
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King. Watts.

375. *Christ's Coming and Kingdom.* C.M.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. Watts.

376. *Salvation.* C. M.

- 1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;—
But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. Watts.

377. *Excellence of the Gospel.* S. M.

- 1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way :
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light :
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

- 4 O, who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.
- 5 Warn me of ev'ry sin ;
Forgive my secret faults :
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God. Watts.

378. *Going to Church.* C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road !
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice !

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns. Watts.

379. *Anticipation of Heaven.* L. M.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;
Draw back the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Gibbons

380. *Holiness and Grace.* L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Watt

381. *Ingratitude Deplored.* S. M.

- 1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind ;
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Watts.

382. *Morning Prayer Meeting.* S. M.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
 Before the morning light ;
 Or on the chilling mount did stay,
 And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
 Who sends his blessings down
 To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
 And make his people one. *S. Lyrica.*

383. *Evening Worship.* C. M.

- 1 O Lord, another day is flown,
 And we, a little band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a list'ning ear
 To praises low as ours ?
 Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
 The song that meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray ;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And are we less than they ?
- 4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part ;
 Let sin's dominion cease ;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace. *H. K. White.*

384. *Daily Devotion.* S. M.

- 1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God !
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel ;
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move. Watts.

SEAMEN.

385. *Sailor's Hymn.* 8, 7.

- 1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo.
- 2 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping:
"All, all 's well," thy constant cheer.
- 3 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly though the storm-cloud 's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head—
- 4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still;
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.
- 5 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

- 6 And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er ;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

386. *God's Protection to Mariners.* C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid ; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee. Addison.

387. *God's Protection to Mariners. 7's.*

- 1 They that toil upon the deep
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale,
Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.
- 2 Up to heav'n their bark is whirl'd,
On the mountain of the wave
Downward suddenly.'tis hurl'd,
To th' abysses of the grave ;
Mid the tempest now they roll,
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit and hope resign.
- 3 Then unto the Lord they cry :
He inclines a gracious ear ;
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear :

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

Montgomery.

388. *Breathing for the Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way!
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below;
"But I can only spread my sail—
"Tis thou must breathe the auspicious gale!"

Toplady.

389. *Christian's Spiritual Voyage.* H. M.

- 1 Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord!

- I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outide.
- 4 By faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where wind and waves distress no more.
- 5 Come, heavenly Wind! and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven—my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

390. *Safety in the Storm.* L. M.

- 1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm !
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves—say, "Peace—be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shatter'd bark again. Cowper.

391. *The Storm Hushed.* C. M.

- 1 Our little bark on boist'rous seas,
By cruel tempest toss'd,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost ;
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breath'd out our sad distress ;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begg'd return of peace.

- 3 The stormy winds did cease to blow,
The waves no more did roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.
- 4 Oh! may our grateful, trembling hearts
Sweet hallélujahs sing,
To Him who has our lives preserv'd,
Our Saviour and our King.
- 5 Let us proclaim to all the world,
With heart and voice again,
And tell the wonders he has done
For us, the sons of men. Madan's Col.

392. *My Father's at the Helm.* C. M.

- 1 'Twas when the seas, with horrid roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevail'd;
- 2 Save one—the captain's darling child,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And, playful, with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.
- 3 "Why sporting thus," a seaman cries,
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replies;
"My father's at the helm!"

- 4 Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught
How groundless is thy fear ;
Think what the power of Christ hath wrought,
And He is ever near.
- 5 Safe in his hands whom seas obey
When swelling surges rise,
He turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.
- 6 Though thy corruptions rise abhorr'd,
And outward foes increase ;
'Tis but for Him to speak the word,
And all is hush'd to peace.
- 7 Then upward look ; howe'er distress'd,
Jesus will guide thee home
To that eternal port of rest
Where storms shall never come.

Rippon's Col.

393. *Christ the Pilot.* L. M.

- 1 The christian voy'ger strikes the rock
That lies conceal'd beneath the wave !
Yet safely he survives the shock ;
For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 2 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er,
Expects some favorable breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.

- 3 But hark !—the midnight tempest roars !
He seems forsaken and alone :
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 4 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
He 'll reach the port to which he 's bound ;
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And soon the haven will be found. Kelly.

394. *Driving to Port.* 7, 6.

- 1 Though hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows' roar ;
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along ;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

- 5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

395. *False Land.* 6's.

- 1 When many a tempest blew,
And hope was almost past,
The worn and weary crew
Hail'd distant land at last.
- 2 Far o'er the lee it lay,
Its arms seem'd spreading wide,
To form a quiet bay,
Where ships might safely ride.
- 3 That refuge from the storm,
That distant bay so fair,
Was but a cloudy form,
And melted into air!
- 4 So earthly hope deceives
The heart that trusts it most;
So all the beauty leaves
Some seeming happy coast.
- 5 But faith can look before,
And see the land of light;
That is the only shore
That never mocks the sight.

396. *Little Faith.* S. M.

- 1 O thou of little faith,
 On seas of trouble toss'd,
 Depend on what the Saviour saith,
 And you can ne'er be lost.
- 2 He bids you to him come,
 Why should you yield to fear ?
 The wind may blow and billows foam,
 But Jesus Christ is there.
- 3 Though storms of sorrow rise,
 And winds may adverse prove,
 Yet, "Wherefore dost thou doubt?" he cries,
 "Mine is unchanging love."

**SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL—
CONCERT.**

397. *The Apostles' Commission.* L. M.

- 1 "Go preach my Gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
 "He shall be sav'd who trusts my word;
 "He shall be damn'd who wont believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known;
 "And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 "By all the works that I have done,
 "By all the wonders ye shall do.

- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All power is trusted to my hands,
"I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God. Watts.

398. *Charity.* C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies;
And 'midst the embraces of thy love
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground ;
And gave the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound. Doddridge

399. *Concert of Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat ;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend,
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend ?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home. Voca.

400. *The Promised Spirit.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same :

Mighty Spirit !

Witness to the Saviour's name.

- 2 Thou hast promis'd by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days :
Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
Change our pray'rs and tears to praise ;
Promis'd Spirit !
Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and pray'rs, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid :
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said :
Faithful Spirit !
O'er the world thy influence shed.

401. *Prayer for the Spirit.* H. M.

- 1 Sov'reign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy pow'r and mercy show :
Fulfil thy word ; Thy Spirit give ;
Let heathens live And praise the Lord.
- 2 On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heav'nly ray,
Blest Spirit ! shine, Their hearts illumine ;
Dispel the gloom With light divine.

3 Father, who to thy Son

Thy steadfast word hast giv'n,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heav'n,
Extend his fame ; Thy grace diffuse ;
And let the news The world reclaim.

4 Few be the years that roll,

Ere all shall worship thee ;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see ;
O God of grace ! Thy pow'r employ,
Fill earth with joy, And heav'n with praise.

Pratt's Col.

402. *Prayer for Spread of the Gospel.*

L. M.

- 1 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 2 Loud let the Gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 3 Let Satan's cruel kingdom shake—
The realms of darkness and of sin ;
Messiah now his empire take—
In ev'ry soul his reign begin.

403. *Prayer for the Reign of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 Jesus, immortal King, arise !
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet !
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known !
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored !
And earth with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

Pratt's Col.

404. *Love to the Church.* S. M.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 If e'er, to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end. Watts.

405. "*Thy Kingdom Come.*" L. M.

1 Ascend thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou through heaven and earth ador'd.

Beddome.

406. *Prayer for the Jews.* L. M.

- 1 Arise, Great God ! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
Restore the long lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn ?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return ?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see. Merrick.

407. *Prayer for Zion's Increase.* L. M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength—the nations shake !
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end ;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favor come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.
- 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—**LORD OF ALL.**
Burder's Col.

408. *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 Exert thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted—everlasting King !
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day !
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

- 3 In one sweet symphony of praise
Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;
And Infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 4 Soon Afric's long degraded sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend ;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend. Voke.

409. *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 Sovereign of worlds ! display thy pow'r ;
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour :
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns ;
On Afric's shore, on India's plains ;
On heathen wilds, on lands unknown,
And take the nations for thy own.
- 3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light. Pratt's Col.

410 *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 Behold th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 3 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love ;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

Voke.

411. "*The Mountain of the Lord.*" C. M.

- 1 Behold ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow,
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
Their spears to pruning-hooks they turn,
And study war no more.
- 5 Come then, O come, from ev'ry land,
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Logan.

412. *Reign of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Thus the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son ; "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !
What a large vict'ry shall ensue !
And converts who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Watts.

413. *Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands ;
All heav'n submits to his commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Watts.

414. *Spread of the Glad Tidings.* C. M.

- 1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word ;
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace ?

6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays ;
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

Gibbons.

415. *Heralds of the Gospel.* S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
"He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long
But died without the sight !

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Watts.

416. *Christ proclaimed.* 6, 5.

- 1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh ;
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son :

Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;
All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

Pratt's Col.

417. "*Arise, Shine.*" L. M.

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.
2 On all around let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers ;
That we may call our God our friend ;
That we may hail salvation ours.

418. *Praise from all nations.* S. M.

- 1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more. Watts.

419. *Christ's Reign upon Earth.* 7, 6.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is LOVE. Montgomery.

420. *Jesus shall Reign.* L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Watts.

421. *Jesus shall Reign.* 7's.

- 1 Hark ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :—

- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : he speaks : 'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.
- 6 Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Montgomery.

422. *Ye Visions Bright.* L. M.

- 1 Ye visions bright, of heavenly birth,
Ye glories of the latter day,
Descend upon the fallen earth,
And chase the shades of night away.

Bid streams of love and mercy flow
Through every vale of human wo,
Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,
And all the world is hush'd to peace.

2 How long, amid this dying race,
Shall desolation hold her reign ?
How long shall men despise the grace
And love of Him who once was slain ?
How long shall heathen bow the knee
To gods that neither hear nor see ?
Ye scenes of bliss so long foretold,
When will your radiant hues unfold ?

3 The Gospel of the living God
Shall echo the wide earth around,
Till every place of man's abode
Shall know the joy-inspiring sound.
Who can the heavenly scene portray ?
Who can describe the glorious day ?
We hail its glimmerings from afar,
We hail the bright, the morning star !

423. *Reign of Christ on Earth.* 7, 6.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign ?

- 2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tow'r and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All, hallelujah swelling
In one eternal round.

Pratt's Col.

424. *The Gospel Banner.* 7, 6.

- 1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd ;
And be the shout Hosanna,
Re-echo'd through the world :
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine ?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine :

Ride on, O Lord, victorious !
Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings :
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Musica Sacra.

425. *Jesus Reigns.* 7's.

- 1 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea !
Now is come the promis'd hour ;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power !
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King ;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

Pratt's Col.

426. *Zion Triumphant.* 11, 10.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdu'd them
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd and Zion is free.

427. *Zion's Strength and Security.* 8, 7.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them, when they pray.
Newton.

428. *The Day Dawning.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Yes! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Ev'ry language
Soon shall teach the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world in ev'ry land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command. Kelly.

429. *Gospel Proclaimed.* 8, 7, 4.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Kelly.

430. *Success of the Gospel.* 8, 7, 4.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the Gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel—
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

Williams.

431. "*Watchman! what of the night?*" 7's.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 "Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 "See that glory-beaming star!"
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretel?
 "Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day,
 "Promis'd day of Israel!"
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
 Higher yet than star ascends.
 "Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
 "Peace and truth its course portends."
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 "Trav'ller! ages are its own;
 "See! it bursts o'er all the earth!"
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 "Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
 "Doubt and terror are withdrawn."

Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.

" Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,

" Lo ! the Son of God is come !" Bowring.

432. *Missionary Hymn.* 7, 6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation! O, salvation!

'The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Bishop Heber.

433. *Missionaries' Farewell.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell.*
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
Can I say a last farewell ?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well !
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
Lovely native land, farewell !
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—*Farewell—Farewell.*

C. F. Smith.

THE LORD'S DAY.

434. Sabbath Morning. H. M.

- 1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest :
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace :
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face ;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

Hayward.

435. Sabbath Morning. 7's.

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way ;

Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best ;
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face ;
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 When we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear ;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound ;
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. Newton.

436. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing. Watts.

437. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. Watts.

438. *Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

- 1 Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

Brown.

439. *The Sabbath.* L. M.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties, let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Stennett.

440. *The Eternal Sabbath.* L. M.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of wo and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doddridge.

441. *For the Lord's' Day.* L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing :
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

442. *The Worship of the Sabbath.* S. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.
- 2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 3 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heav'n. Spirit of the Psalms.

443. *The Lord's Day.* S. M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Watts.

444. *Christ's Resurrection.* C. M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men-
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Watts.

445. *God and his Church.* L. M.

- 1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

Watts.

446. *Public Worship.* H. M.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God !

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill !

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet !

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, Than shine in courts.

Watts.

447. *God Present in his Churches.* C. M.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

4 Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away. Watts.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

448. *Union and Peace.* S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Watts.

449. *Christian Love.* L. M.

- 1 Now by the mercies of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?
- 3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

Watts.

450. *Christian Love.* C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love. Swain.

451. *Fellowship.* C. M.

- 1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one:
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice:
'Tis heaven, on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a mighty flood ;
Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

Miller.

452. *Meeting of Christian Friends.* L. M.

- 1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

- 3 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of HIM
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore—
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet—to part no more.

Newton.

453. *At Parting.* S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity. Fawcett.

454. *Parting.* L. M.

- 1 Come, Christian brethren ! ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart :
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more ;
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- H. K. White.

455. *Christian Parting.* 6, 5.

- 1 When shall we meet again—
 Meet, ne'er to sever ?
 When shall peace wreathe her chain
 Round us for ever ?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark world of woes—

Never—no, never.

- 2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?

When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—

Never—no, never.

- 3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;

May we all there unite,

Happy for ever:

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—

Never—no, never.

- 4 Soon shall we meet again—

Meet, ne'er to sever;

Soon will peace wreath her chain

Round us for ever:

Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;

Our songs of praise shall close—

Never—no, never.

AFFLICTIONS.

456. *Trials. 7's.*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away ?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet ;
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Cowper.

457. *Afflictions Sweetened.* C. M.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee. Toplady.

458. *Afflictions Needful.* C. M.

- 1 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine,
Let us perceive thee nigh !
And to each mourning child of thine
These gracious words apply :

- 2 "Let not my children slight the stroke
"I for chastisement send,
"Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke;
"For I am still their friend.
- 3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
"Awhile, and not reprove;
"But all the children I receive
"I scourge, because I love.
- 4 "I see your hearts at present fill'd
"With grief and deep distress;
"But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
"The fruits of righteousness." Newton.

459. *Benefit of Affliction.* C. M.

- 1 Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints:
When will my troubles end!
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe ;
 The sharpest suff'rings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.

5 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
 My feet were apt to stray ;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

Watts.

460. *Sanctified Afflictions.* L. M.

1 Father, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
 I left my guide, and lost my way ;
 But now I love and keep thy word.
3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Watts.

461. *Submission to the will of God.* C. M.

1 Through all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchful eye surveys ;
 O ! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways ?

- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind ;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good ;
Nor less, when he denies :
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found ;
The honey 's mix'd with gall ;
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all. Hervey.

462. *Submission.* C. M.

- 1 O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me. .

4 'Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Cowper.

463. *Light in Darkness.* C. M.

- 1 O thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierc'd by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

M.

464. *The Sick-Bed.* Ps. 46 : 10. L. M.

- 1 Do sore afflictions press thee down,
And dost thou feel thy Father's frown ?
Turn not away, but kiss the rod ;
"Be still, and know that I am God."

- 2 "Is God my Father? then may I
"Within his arms in safety lie;
"That word, 'My Father,' stills my pains:
"That arm the universe sustains.
- 3 "My Father sees me prostrate lie,
"Sees my flesh waste—hears every sigh;
"Knows every wish, and every fear;
"Knows why his wisdom placed me here.
- 4 "'This pain,' he says, 'is needful now;
"'Needful that sorrow shade thy brow;
"'Most of my children home are brought
"'In ways themselves had never sought.
- 5 "'Must thy great Captain perfect be
"'Through sufferings borne for such as thee;
"'And would'st thou shun the fire that tries;
"'That scathes thee, while it purifies?"
- 6 "Father! thy goodness now I own,
"Though clouds and darkness veil thy throne,
"I turn to thee—I kiss the rod,
"And thankful 'know that thou art God.'"

Rev. S. Ingersoll.

465. *Recovery from Sickness.* C. M.

- 1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

- 2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When health and life both ebb'd apace
From every sinking vein.
- 3 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come:
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 4 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For, in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven, with thee.

Doddridge.

466. *Rest in Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

467. *Child's Thoughts of God.* L. M.

- 1 There is a God, who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas ;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do ;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3 There is a Gospel, rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comfort draw ;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
How many, younger much than I,
Have pass'd, by death, to hear their doom !

- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There 's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead. Watts.

468. *Child's Song of Praise.* C. M.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty ?
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell.
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints who dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Nor angels, who stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels will rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice. Watts.

469. *God Omnipresent.* L. M.

- 1 Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:
I *must* within his presence dwell;
I *cannot* from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—He shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly:
And while he sees me weeping there,
There 's only mercy in his eye.

Mrs. Gilbert.

470. *A Child's Hymn.* L. M.

- 1 Why should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heaven, or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if Jehovah's anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place !
- 4 'Tis dangerous to offend a God
Whose power and vengeance none can tell :
One stroke of his almighty rod
Would send young sinners quick to hell.
- 5 Then 'twould for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

Watts.

471. *A Child's Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And always from thee stray'd ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 To him let little children come,
For he has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

472. *Child's Morning Song.* C. M.

- 1 My God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines :
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way. Watts.

473. *For Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

- 1 This is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and hell,
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day with pleasure christians meet
 To pray, and read thy word ;
 And I would go, with cheerful feet,
 To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave the world, to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O ! may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

Watts.

474. *Child's Evening Song.* C. M.

- 1 And now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts, every hour, make known
 His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins, how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love. Watts.

475. *Scriptures a Guide for Youth.* C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age. Watts.

476. *Youth Invited to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near;
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain;
 "And those who early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find. Doddridge.

477. *Young Persons Entreated.* C. M.

- 1 Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there 's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach. Cowper.

478. *Youth Reminded of Death.* L. M.

- 1 Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God :
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."

- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love. Watts.

479. *Youth and Judgment.* L. M.

- 1 Ye sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue ;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know,
There is a day of judgment too !
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through,
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

Watts.

480. *Prayer of a Youth.* S. M.

- 1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
Oh, make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

Watts.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

481. *The New-Year. 7's.*

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below: .
We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirit raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:

Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Newton.

482. *The Opening Year.* L. M.

- 1 Great God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own :
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted, or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge.

483. *New-Year.* 5, 6.

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through, [do!"
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

Har. Sacra.

484. *The Seasons.* L. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy ;
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
'And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Doddridge.

485. *Autumn.* 8, 7.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :
- 2 "Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
"Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
 - "Hear the lessons we are reading,
 - "'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell :

- 3 " Youth, on length of days presuming,
 " Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 " View us, late in beauty blooming,
 " Number'd now among the dead.
- 4 " What though yet no losses grieve you,
 " Gay with health and many a grace ;
 " Let not cloudless skies deceive you :
 " Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 " Yearly in our course returning,
 " Messengers of shortest stay,
 " Thus we preach this truth concerning—
 " Heaven and earth shall pass away."
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
 O let all our hopes be laid !
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Bishop Horne.

486. *Close of the Year.* C. M.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love
 That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome, each declining day !
 Welcome, each closing year !

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Doddridge.

T I M E .

487. *The Time is Short.* C. M.

1 The time is short ! the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short ! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short ! O sinners, now
To Christ the Lord submit ;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

- 4 The time is short ! ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come ;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short ! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand ;
Then we shall mount above the skies
And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 6 The time is short ! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

Hoskins.

488. *Flight of Time.* 7, 6.

- 1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :

But the christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

Burton.

489. *Shortness of Life.* C. M.

- 1 Time ! what an empty vapor 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste ;
That we can never say, they 're here,
But only say, they 're past.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share ;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

Watts.

490. *Frailty of Life.* C. M.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Watts.

491. *Frailty of Life.* L. M.

- 1 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life 's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 2 Our age to seventy years is set :
How short the term ! how frail the state !
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 3 But O, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years ;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread :
We fear the power that strikes us dead.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man !
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee. Watts.

492. *Frailty of Life.* S. M.

- 1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas ! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

Watts.

493. *Warning from the Tomb.* C. M.

- 1 Hark ! from the tombs, a doleful sound !
Mine ears attend the cry :
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers ;
"The tall, the wise, the reverend head
"Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more !

- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky. Watts.

494. *Life, the Day of Grace.* L. M.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue :
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.

495. *Life the only accepted Time.* L. M.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, Oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies. Dwight.

496. *Christ's Presence in Death.* L. M.

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Watts.

497. *Death Welcome.* 11's.

- 1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet ;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

Epis. Col.

498. *Passing through Life.* C. M.

- 1 We seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day ;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame
 Hear and obey his word ;
Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

499. *Serious Prospect of Eternity.* 8, 6.

- 1 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand ;
 Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !

- 2 Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love!
- Wesley.

500. *Eternity.* L. M.

- 1 Eternity is just at hand !
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 But an eternity there is,
Of endless wo or endless bliss ;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind !
They're gone ! but where ?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.
- 4 Sinner, canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell ;
And is death nothing, then, to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity ?

DEATH.

501. *Death and Eternity.* C. M.

- 1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death ;
Think how a gasping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.

- 2 But oh, the soul, that never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way !
- 3 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.
- 4 And must my body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !
- 5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust. Watts.

502. *Death of a Young Person.* C. M.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave. Steele.

503. *Death of a Sinner.* C. M.

- 1 Death ! 'tis a melancholy day
 To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes ;
 But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell ;
 Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
 A long FOR EVER there !
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day,
Come death, and some celestial band
 To bear my soul away. Watts.

504. *Death of the Sinner and the Saint.*

L. M.

- 1 What scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night !
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest :
Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror—dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss :
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

Fawcett.

505. *Simeon ; or Happy Death.* C. M.

- 1 Lord, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came ;
And hope to meet our Saviour here—
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy Child.
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried ;
"Behold thy servant dies :
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the Light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands ;
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul !

Watts.

506. *Victory over Death.* C. M.

- 1 O for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"

Watts.

507. *Death and Glory.* C. M

- 1 My soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:
- 3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

Watts.

508. *Righteous Blessed in Death.* L. M.

- 1 How bless'd the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest :
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears ;
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " How bless'd the righteous when he dies ! "

Barbault.

509. *Flight to Heaven.* 8, 7.

- 1 What is life ? 'tis but a vapor ;
 Soon it vanishes away :
 Life is but a dying taper ;
 O my soul, why wish to stay ?

- Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love ;
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransom'd crowd appear ;
Thine 's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. Kelly.

510. *The dying Christian.* 7, 8.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying :
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away !"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting ! Pope.

511. *Dying Believer to his Soul.* 7's.

- 1 Deathless principle, arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies ;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown :
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
Born of God—to God return.
- 2 Lo ! he beckons from on high,
Fearless, to his presence fly :
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

- 3 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there. *Toplady.*

512. *The Departing Saint.* 8, 7.

- 1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the glory of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory—
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. Wesley.

513. *Dying in the Lord.* C. M.

- 1 Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'ring and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord :
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Watts.

514. *The Dying Infant.* 8, 7.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

- 1 Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in wo ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.

- 2 See yon orient streak appearing !
Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away !
- 3 Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood ;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.
- 4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest :
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.
- 5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning tow'rd their home :
Raptured, they 'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.
- 6 There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care, or wo
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.
- 7 As through this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

- 8 Blessings endless, richest blessings,
 Pour their stream upon thy heart !
 (Though no language yet possessing,)
 Breathes my spirit, ere we part.
- 9 Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
 Though again his voice I hear :
 Rise, may every grace attend thee ;
 Rise ! and seek to meet me there.

Cecil.

515. *Moment after Death.* C. M.

- 1 In vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death ;
 The glories that surround a saint
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
 We scarce can say, "He's gone !"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace the spirit's flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the vail
 Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 Saints are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with their Saviour rest :

- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too. Newton.

516. *The Grave.* L. M.

- 1 The grave is now a favor'd spot
To saints who sleep in Jesus bless'd,
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest :
2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms ;
At rest, as in a peaceful bed ;
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread.
3 Thrice happy souls, who 're gone before
To that inheritance divine !
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.
4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow ;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

517. *The Tomb.* L. M.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
 Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed:
 Rest here, bless'd saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

Watts.

518. *Death of Pious Friends.* C. M.

- 1 Take comfort, christians, when your friends
 In Jesus fall asleep;
 Their better being never ends;
 Then why dejected weep?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
 To whom no hope is given?
 Death is the messenger of peace,
 And calls the soul to heaven.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
 Victorious from the dead;
 So his disciples rise and reign
 With their triumphant Head.

4 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

Scotch Par.

519. *Burial of Friends.* C. M.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :

Awake, ye nations, under ground ;

Ye saints, ascend the skies. Watts.

520. *Funeral of a Departed Saint.* 12, 11.

1 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb :
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee ;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave: and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

Heber.

521. *Parting with Friends.* 6, 8.

1 Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

Montgomery.

522. *The Tolling Bell.* L. M.

- 1 Oft as the bell with solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
" Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?
- 2 " Only this frail and fleeting breath
" Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
" Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
" And plung'd into a world unknown."

- 3 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins and let me live.
- 4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me. *Newton.*

523. *Death and the Resurrection.* S. M.

- 1 And must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh ;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above. Watts.

J U D G M E N T .

524. *The Resurrection.* 7's.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus scatters all its gloom;
 Day of triumph through the skies,
 See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christians! dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
 Drive your anxious cares away;
 See the place where Jesus lay. Collyer.

525. *The Resurrection.* C. M.

- 1 Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. White.

526. *The Wreck of Nature.* L. M.

- 1 How great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
There on the flaming billows toss'd,
For ever—oh, for ever lost !
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene ;
Your Saviour lives, while worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend ;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

Davies.

527. *The Day of Judgment.* C. M.

- 1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

- 4 What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!
- 5 Oh! wretched state of deep despair;
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 6 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. Watts.

528. *The Judgment.* C. M.

- 1 The Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heaven adore my grace." Watts.

529. *Christ Coming to Judgment.* L. M.

- 1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown!
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Walls.

530. *Christ Coming to Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lo he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see !
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away :
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day :
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !

Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear ! Oliver.

531. *Christ in Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Day of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart :
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels have thy part !"

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow ;
"You, for ever,
"Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches—
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze. Newton.

532. *The Sinner in Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 See the Eternal Judge descending !
View him seated on his throne !
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee !
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again :
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again :

- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
"With the marks of dying love;
"Oh, that I had sought his favor,
"When I felt his Spirit move—
"Golden moments,
"When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever!
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

ETERNITY.

533. *Life and Death Eternal.* S. M.

- 1 O where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
 Around "the second death !"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone. Montgomery.

534. *The Second Death.* C. M.

- 1 Far from the utmost verge of day
 Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
 The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God, his angry breath,
 Supplies and fans the fire ;
There sinners taste the second death,
 And would, but can't, expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With torture gnaws the heart ;
And wo and wrath, in every form,
 Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world, indeed ; ah, who can bear
For ever there to dwell—
For ever sinking in despair,
In all the deeps of hell !

Brown.

535. *Death in Prospect of Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes !

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore. Watts.

536. *Longing to be with Christ.* S's.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins
When array'd in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.
- 5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured ;
I shall see Him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen, I adored.

Cowper.

537. *The Heavenly Rest.* 8, 6.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
There joys divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

538. *Pleasures Unseen.* C. M.

- 1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !

- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim !
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Steele.

539. *The Promised Land.* C. M.

- 1 Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray ;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day. Steele.

540. *Joys of Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and tears, and care,
And discord, there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 There, on a throne of radiant light,
The exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

- 5 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till in thy blissful courts above
We join the angelic choir. Steele.

541. *Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground. Watts.

542. *Joys of Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Watts.

543. *Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise. Watts.

544. *Panting for Heaven.* 8's.

- 1 Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known ;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
He ransom'd from death and despair ;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong !
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see !

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name :
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you !

M. De Fleury.

545. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Bless'd seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

C. Wesley.

546. *Rapture of Heaven.* 7's.

- 1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

- Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo.
- 2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak :
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again.
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose—
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows !
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

547. *The Everlasting Song.* C. M.

- 1 Earth has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here 's joyful work for you.
- 6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
Oh, for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies.

Watts.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

548. Dismission. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise, and reign in endless day !

549. Dismission. 8, 7.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above :
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES.**L. M.**

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise.
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, While faith adores.

7's.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TUNES.

L. M.

Alfreton.
Bath.
Bridgewater.
Brookfield.
Castle-street.
Duke-street.
Eaton, 6 lines.
Effingham.
Forest.
German Air.
Hebron.
Kingsbridge.
Loving-kindness.
Luton.
Monmouth.
New Sabbath.
Old Hundred.
Park-street.
Pilesgrove.
Pleyel's.
Portugal.
Quito.
Rothwell.
St. Peter's
Shoel.
Sterling.
Stonefield.
Surry.
Uxbridge.
Ward.
Wells.
Winchester.
Windham.

C. M.

Alexandria.
Arlington.
Balerna.
Bangor.
Barby.
Bedford.

Braintree.
Brattle-street.
Canterbury.
Cambridge.
Chester.
China.
Christmas.
Clarendon.
Colchester.
Coronation.
Devizes.
Dundee.
Henry.
Lanesboro'.
London.
Mear.
Melody.
Ortonville.
Peterboro'.
Pisgah.
Reading.
Remembrance.
Rochester.
St. Ann's.
St. Martin's.
Stephen's.
Swanwick.
Warwick.
Windsor.
Woodstock.

S. M.

Aylesbury.
Boylston.
Dover.
Froome.
Golden Hill.
Lisbon.
Little Marlboro'.
Olmutz.
St. Thomas.
Shirland.
Sicily.

Silver-street.
Watchman.

Hal. M.

Bethesda.
Haddam.
Lenox.
Weymouth.

L. P. M.

Newcourt.
St. Helen's.

Sevens.

Benevento, 8 lines.
Hotham, 8 lines.
Mount Calvary, 6 l.
Norwich 4 lines.
Nuremburg, 4 lines.
Pleyel's, 4 lines.
Rock of Ages, 6 l.
Sovereign grace, 4 l.
Turin, 6 lines.
Wilmot, 4 lines.

8, 7.

Bartimeus.
Dismission.
Greenville.
Sicilian.
Wilmot.

8, 7, 4.

Calvary.
Greenville.
Helmsley.
Littleton.
Oliphant.
Tamworth.
Zion.

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Sept 27/11
for
J. L.

